

An Address to the Jews

Time was, and ye cannot forget,
On Egypt's soil ye stood,
Where the broad waters of the Nile
The fertile valleys flood,
And the huge pyramids, tho' based on sand
From age, to age eternal seem to stand -

Ye were a weak, down trodden race,
With sunken heart, and brow,
While Egypt's proud, and lordly sons
Held you as vile, and low,
As chattels - born for labor, and for toil,
To mould the bricks, and till the yielding soil -

Oppressions foot upon you press'd,
Your babes were from you torn,
And helplessly the galling chain
By Israel's sons was worn,
Untill the hour, when Moses, sent by God
To Pharaoh's presence, bore the changing rod -

Ye, whom your kinsman Joseph knew
Long since had pass'd away,
And Goshen's fertile fields had then
Become the despot's prey,
But there was one who saw your grief, and woe,
And said to Pharaoh - "Let my people go!"

Ages have pass'd since ye were led
A wand'ring, homeless band,
O'er the Red Sea, and Jordan's bed
To Canaan's promised land,
And ye became a nation proud, and great,
But, at Jerusalem, ye met your fate -

Dispersed, and homeless there again,
Oppress'd in every clime,
Pagan, and Christian tried in vain
To blot the Jew from time,
But still, a miracle throughout all lands,
Firm in his faith the Son of Israel stands!

And still the same where'er his birth
One hope expands his breast,

That on Judea's sacred earth
His ark at last may rest,
And waiting thus, in every land, and clime
He stands, a spectacle of faith sublime —

Progressive ages still have seen
Progressive beams of light,
And Nations but by progress learn
To nobly do the right,
Thus, one by one, Israel's chains we see
Are falling fast — Ye will again be free!

But, have ye learned when galling scorn
Was heaped upon your race,
When ev'n the name of Jew was held
Accursed in each place,
To feel that sympathy for suffering man
Which he who feels oppression, only can?

While struggling for your native rights
Felt ye for others' woe?
Remember'd ye the greater wrongs
Your colored brethren know?
Bear ye in mind, the chain that fetts his heel
However linked, fast round your wrists will deal?

Ye have with them one common cause,
Ye claim your rights again —
And ought the meanest man that lives
To ask his rights in vain?
Can Jew, or Christian, be in truth "the free"
While the soil bears the curse of Slavery?

With them again ye have to bear
Another deep felt wrong!
It is, the prejudice of years
Rolling as tides along,
Stamping like caste throughout the whole wide earth
The Jew, and Negro, whereso'er their birth —

Then onward! On! Why will ye sleep?
Awake! Your hour is now!
Arouse your energies of soul!
Light up each manly brow!
With voice, and pen for deathless freedom plead,
And be her Champions in her day of need!

"Remember, how in Egypt once
Your prayers went up on high,
Until the merciful "I am"

Responded to your cry,
And sent his plagues upon the guilty land
And brought you forth, with an all-powerful hand

Then, to that God who freed you thus
Send up unceasing prayer,
And let your orisons ascend

'Till they are answer'd there,
Not by the plagues which ~~which~~ ancient-Egypt felt,
But that His love each human heart may melt -

Pray not alone, that Judah's sons
Escape oppressions' rod,
But, that the soul of every Man
Be liken'd to his God,
Prompt to good works - forgiving - loving - kind,
Feeling his brethren to no race confined -

Ther-by the memory of days
By you in bondage past,
By all the bright, and glorious hopes
Deers have before you cast,
By your strong faith that Judah yet shall reign,
Let not the slave's appeal, be heard in vain -

From shore, to shore let Freedom's shout
Fill every listening gale,
'Till - "All are Free" earth shall respond,
"Free"! echo every sail;
"Free"! swell the ^{chorus} by each nation giv'n,
"Free"! speak the thunder of approving Heav'n -
Mira Townsend

Bristol 10/28/48

My dear Friend,

I send thee these lines, hoping to see them
in the Liberty Bell for this year if they are not too late. Mira
read them to me, when I was in the city a few days since
remarking that she had "prepared them for the intended North
Star". I begged a copy to send thee, for tho' far from first-rate, they
are better by much in idea & expression, than some pieces that we
have seen in the bell. Then too I think that their publication
there, may do Mira good. She is whole-souled & were it not for

Paid
 Maria W. Chapman
 25 Cornhill
 Boston. Mass.



Some "family reasons", I doubt not she would have
 been with us in name as well as heart. I do not regret
 seeing her even yet a member of our Association, if it be
 her motto her as the making herself of no reputation with her
 kindred. The address was suggested by her acquaintance
 with a family of Jews South, upon whose minds she
 has made & is making a good impression by declaring the
 whole truth of Anti-Slavery. — If it comes too late, or
 she be rejected for other reasons, please lay it aside to return
 to me after your Fair, when I hope to be with you.

MS. A. 9.2.4.5